

# THE DAGLIGTALE

Your Augustana Student Paper

November 2004

## INSIDE...

Page 2,  
SA Page

3...  
Critique on  
Capitalism

4...  
US Politics,  
Tanning,  
Will Voht

5...  
Mars and Venus

6...  
Al-Jazeera and  
AIDS

7...  
A New Dr.  
Down Under

8...  
US Politics,  
Saw What?

9...  
Letters

10...  
Hypocrites  
and Christlike

11...  
Top Ten List

12...  
Must See Page

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"Alberta's Universities Matter to Me." Or at least they matter to Martin Luther, Dr. Milbrandt, and sleepy Alicia Baier.

## Lutherans, Leftists, and Learners...

All agree that Alberta's Universities Matter to Them

by Steve Hansen

With the upcoming provincial election scheduled for late November, post-secondary students across Alberta are hard at work yet again trying to make education a larger issue on politicians' platforms. For the last few decades every election period has been marked with student demonstrations protesting rises in education costs. Do you feel that the cost of university education is too steep? Are you concerned with the quality of Alberta's universities?

For those who have not yet seen the signs which parody the famous 'I Love Alberta Beef' slogan, expect to see them popping up around the campus and

community until Election Day. The signs are a product of the U of A Students' Union and have recently made their way to the Augustana Faculty for exposure in Camrose.

Are the signs doing their job? What do you know about the current provincial government's plans for post-secondary education funding? What alternatives do the New Democrats and the Liberals present? If you have just begun your university career, or are disenfranchised with the current state of education in Alberta, perhaps these are questions which hold some importance for you. Be sure to talk to your Augustana Students' Association if you have any questions about the "Alberta Universities Matter to Me" campaign and

how you can be involved.

The Dagligtale extends a hearty thank-you to Alicia Baier, Dr. Roger Milbrandt, and Martin Luther for their support in the campaign (to be perfectly honest, none of them actually knew that they would be appearing on the front page).

On another note, this is the second edition of the 2004-2005 Dagligtale. The Dag—as it is otherwise known—has had many personalities over the years, and those personalities have all been derived from both the contributions of the student body and the paper's editors.

So far, this year's Dag reflects the desire of students to have an entertaining and multi-dimensional paper, as well

as the desire of the editors to stir up dialogue on important issues and release their pent-up nerdity. If you wish to contribute to the evolution of this year's Dag, or think you may be interested in next year's editorial position, feel free to consult with this year's editors.

Hopefully you have all returned from fall break with a rejuvenated academic zest, or, as in the case of Augustana Registrar Johnathan Hawkins and music instructor Michelle Kennedy, an engagement ring...

And now that October has come and gone, also be sure that you have set your clocks back an hour. There's nothing worse than being an hour early for your least favorite morning class.



### The Editors of this Most Heinous Newspaper:



Jeremy Grant

Hello, and welcome to the second installment of 'Jer and Steve's Excellent Adventure'. Great thanks to all who have contributed to make these blank pages no longer blank. I would also like to thank Grace Slick and Stevie Nicks for endless nights of tiresome work as they helped with the construction of this paper. Thanks girls, keep up the good work. This sentence is just a space-filling sentence with no other purpose. Enjoy :)



Steven Hermanus

Hi there. I hope that this issue of the Dagligtale will be as illuminating for you as the flash on Jer's camera was for me. In any case, not only is this the worst picture I've ever seen of myself, but Jer actually looks chic. Again, many thanks to all who contributed to this edition, and I look forward to meeting more students over the course of the current university year who will submit their writings to the paper.

# students association

## HELP WANTED

The SA is looking for a capable student to act as this year's **Formal Coordinator**. The position involves planning and implementation of the Formal to take place in March 2005. There is a \$500 honorarium. Please bring resumes and cover letters to the Students' Association office located in F203.

### Where have all the SA Gone??

The first two months of school have come and gone, and everyone has settled into the routine of life as a university student. This also includes your Students' Association. We have begun to settle into our roles and responsibilities of the year. But what exactly ARE those roles? What does your Students' Association do?

Many of you have probably asked this question. It doesn't matter if you're a first year or a returning student. I admit, I was one of those people last year. I voted...and then didn't really see much of them for the rest of the year. So where have we gone? Have we retreated to the safety of our tiny offices upstairs in the Faith and Life to gossip and have meetings? No. There are a lot of things going on, and you should know what they are. Did you know that everyone on Council sits on committees representing students?

**Curriculum Committee:** Colin McComb and Daniel Alfredsson attend weekly meetings with faculty discussing the academic aspects of the school.  
**Learning Environment Committee:** Kristi Mingo and Jeff Siddle work with the Associate Dean teaching and researching how to enhance the learning conditions here.

**Research Committee:** Mike Benusic and Daryl Bissillon work with faculty and administration to develop policy regarding student and faculty research.  
**General Faculties Council, UoFA:** Michelle Reshaur travels to the UoFA to represent Augustana.

**Faculty Council:** for the first time ever you have more than one student on the Faculty council and they're ALL voting members! There are six of us—one for each department, and the president. Sarah Langenhoff, Darci Penrod, Matt Hebert, Greg Olson, Karen Wedel and I all sit on it.

**Department Council:** new this year, we now have student reps on the department councils.

This does not include the **Agenda / Policy, Activities, Awareness**, and other committees that we have to work on for our own organisation, as well as trying to figure out how to join with the UoFA Students' Union. Things get busy guys!

Did you all know that you are eligible for grants? This is for things like research, clubs, athletics, etc. How about scholarships? Did you know about the Clubs program here on campus? Faxing? Used Bookstore? The amazing Daglightale. The yearbook SAGA. The Student Directory... We are also responsible for O-Team, Bashes, and other things.

I can see why many students here could feel isolated from their student representatives. We don't have a huge building in the middle of campus like the UoFA which the community life of campus revolves around. We are tucked away out of sight. We don't have huge activities going on every week. But we are working hard for all of you, keeping the interests of ALL students in mind. I know that improvement is needed in all areas, as it always is, and we are striving towards that. But, the initiative is not simply up to us. If you guys have concerns about anything to do with life here on this campus, come talk to us, and we'll do what we can to help. We are the *Student*

Association. We are here for the students.

John Pattison

**Have you heard about the provincial election?** Albertans will vote on November 22 of this year. The Students' Association would like to strongly encourage you to vote. We don't care who you vote for, but speak your mind and let the government know that the opinions of young people do matter.

To that end, the Awareness Committee is currently working to arrange for an all candidates forum to be held at Augustana. Come out and hear what the candidates for this riding have to say.

If you need further information about the voting process, please see us in F203. If you are interested in voting in the Wetaskiwin-Camrose riding you must contact the returning officer of your electoral division (your permanent address) and you must do this before election day!!!

**Need a phone card??**  
Why go all the way to 7-11 when you can get them in the SA Used Book Store? Cards can be bought Monday-Friday 8:00am-12:00pm and 1:00pm-4:30pm

## To my Father with Love:

By Jeremy Wideman

### An Essay on Capitalism

The humanity of being human is completely lost in the transition from human-to-human interaction found in everyday life to business-to-business transactions that saturate the economic world that surrounds us. This is exemplified especially in the face of corporate competition:

Competition is an integral part of the free market system and consequently successful enterprise of any kind. The theories of capitalism normally employ competition as a way to ensure that product (be it goods or services) remains affordable while businesses return a sustainable profit. Competition between

businesses is supposed to serve as a natural check and balance system, preventing complete misuse of the consumer while also preventing the birth and sustenance of useless or defunct businesses. Unfortunately, sometime over the past several hundred years, the human tendencies to hold a grudge and behave in asinine fashion have crept into our business practices. Actually, these tendencies have perhaps always been present in everything that we do, and consequently, have become entrenched in our ethics of business. Businesses today vie at one another—look what happened here in Camrose when WalMart came to town. Superstore had to erect a

store right across the street to create competition. The resulting competition between the two superpowers has completely swallowed the main street businesses that used to just compete with each other, but now have to struggle for survival. It is unfortunate that the small businesses cannot even try to compete with the prices found at the big department stores.

Every business started as a small business. Even the large multinationals grew out of smaller corporations that rose up out of the smoke of competition, leaving their competitors lying on the ground bleeding pennies into small pools as its final store of assets was being sold at the nearest liquidation centre. Even large

corporations initially built up their wealth by respectable means. The multinationals started as small-town businesses; and what small-town business is run by a board of overlords who are 5 degrees of separation away from the lowliest workhorse in the company? There are no human interactions, no empathetic encounters, no gestures of care within a large company. How could we expect a multinational to exhibit human characteristics towards the outside world? This observation leads to the conclusion that the biggest vice that the multinationals commit is that they completely lose sight of the fact that first and foremost they deal with people and not dollars. This oversight makes them capable of making decisions that can destroy the lives of thousands of people. This is

bad. Making money is not bad. It is how you come about your money that is important, not how much you make.

I will insert here something that I cannot back up scientifically or logically but it seems to make sense. A business that cares for its employees, respects its competitors, values the relationships that can be made with its customers, and views the community that it is situated in as important, both pecuniarily and intrinsically, will be successful. Yes, hard work is also a necessity, but hard work seems to come much more naturally to businessmen than the other qualities that can contribute to a successful business.

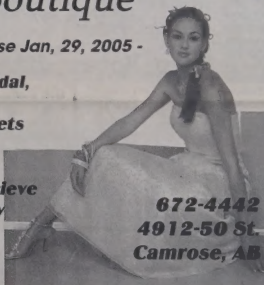
*Continued on page 9...*

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## The Trek to Bonaro *part deux*

by Jason Hewitt

So, a few months later, there I was. Waiting to hit the road. I was in the preparation stage of my journey. Not just physically, but mentally.

And man, let me tell you. It was hard.

You see, I had to have my wisdom teeth pulled, and my appointment was for the day before I left for Tennessee. Imagine, those of you who have had it done, (and even those who haven't), what it would be like to have four teeth, two from the upper jaw and two from the lower, removed from your skull the day before you get on a bus and trek clear across N. America on a grueling nine day journey. Imagine the discomfort of just sitting on a bus for agonizing long hours as your now gaping mouth sockets ooze bile and blood into your stomach, making you want to constantly vomit as you gingerly cradle your bone-crunchingly pained and swollen cheeks, wishing you could just spit the gauze in your mouth against the window and howl at the physical aspects of revelatory existence as you realize there is nothing you can eat because you can only take liquid as you get weaker and weaker and closer and closer to a place that has hospitals you know you can't afford...

Let me tell you, I had a grisly picture painted in my head and no choice but to continue the journey. I was, of course, able to choose whether or not to acknowledge the impulse, but in this case it was powerful! I knew I had to do it. Opportunity knocks but once although it knocks for a long time. Also, I was financially obligated, pouring all of my money into this strange journey just so I could tell you about it. I couldn't just let that money go to waste.

So I went. My brother picked me up and took me to Red Deer and I worriedly entered the dentist's office. The torture began immediately. "Please sir," said the lady. "Please fill out these forms..."

Ahhh! The AGONY of the moment before the agony! As I filled out the paper I realized I was giving some guy permission to dive into my mouth with sharp and reaching metal tools in order that he might extract bones from me...

I was worried as I entered his inner office. But I left it soon after, happy and pain free!

For it turned out that this appointment was merely an evaluation and forum for discussion. No teeth pulling today! YES! I eagerly awaited my journey, now with a renewed vitality...★



# THE U.S. ELECTION

By Johan Nibourg

On November 2nd of this year, one of the most important elections in modern United States history will take place. The main focus of the race has been on the Presidential election, with both of the main rivals offering different views on the future. The world has been watching the outcome of this race because of the foreign relations issues. However, the biggest issues in the race have been domestic ones. And there is much more going on in this election than most know. There are 34 Senate seats, all 435 seats in the House, and 11 Governors also being decided this November. It will be these races that will have the greatest impact on the future of the United States.

The elections that gets the least amount of coverage are the ones for the Governor's office. These elections have the greatest impact on the individual lives of Americans. It is the Governors that oversee the Health and Education needs of each State. While President Bush and Senator Kerry fight over these issues to a degree, it will be the States that run the system. Also, much of the economic situation in each State is under the control of the governors and state governments. Although there is not much impact on the world stage of who wins the Governor's office, these races can affect Canada very much. Many of the issues that are being fought over—cheap drugs being the main one—have a direct impact on Canada.

The race for Congress is the one that will have the real effect on the United States as a whole. Whoever wins the Presidency still has to deal with Congress to implement any of their ideals. At the moment, President Bush has an unusual advantage with the Congress as both chambers are controlled by the Republicans. But that could change come November 2nd. In the Senate the current breakdown of power is 51 Republicans, 48 Democrats, and 1 independent. In November, of the 34 seats up for grabs 15 are Republicans and 19 are Democrats. Of these seats 3 of the Republicans and 5 of the Democrats do not have an incumbent. What makes this important is the fact that an incumbent generally has an easier job retaking their seat. On the other half of the Congress, the whole House is up for election. The current break down is 229 Republicans, 205 Democrats, and 1 independent. There are 17 Republican and 12 Democrat seats without incumbents. A massive change in the House is not very likely as it does not happen all that much. It happened in 1994 but there were backlashes against members of the House over scandals. It will be hard for the Democrats to retake the House this election. But the control of the Congress is where the real battle in this election is being fought.

The big race is that of the one for the White House. This is the one race that has every person's attention around the world. It is from the White House that the policy direction of the United States comes. Because of all the attention that the current administration has placed on its foreign policy actions, this election has many people on edge. The race between President Bush and Senator Kerry does have other issues, but the main focus of many has been on how they will handle foreign policy. Whoever wins this election is stepping into a mess.

On November 2nd the United States will hold its elections. While many of us cannot vote in this election, it is still important for us to know what is going on. If one wants to know more there are number websites one can look at. There is the CNN's Fox's the BBC's news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/in\_depth/americas/2004/vote\_usa\_2004/default.stm ABC's abcnews.go.com/Politics/Vote2004/ and one called the Cook Political Report www.cookpolitical.com. These are just a few of the web sites that are out there for the US election. Look around and make a choice for yourself, because it will impact you even if you don't think it will.

## Bronzed Bodacious or Bat-Ugly?

By Jeremy Wideman

Tanning, what an interesting concept... Let's take our white-ass-Caucasian bodies and stuff them into a little time-warp cylinder and zap them with UV radiation so that we can look a little browner amidst the soft white snow. However, I do confess, I have been to a tanning salon. I went in preparation last year so that I wouldn't burn to a crisp when I stepped onto the beach in the Dominican Republic. I will also admit that I kind of enjoyed it; lying in a stiflingly hot, suffocatingly small tube filled with high-powered fluorescent lights, the smell of tanning lotion, the Grateful Dead and fifteen minutes to do absolutely nothing. A serenely meditative activity and enjoyable to boot, until I got itchy...but even that wasn't that bad, and when I got to the Dominican, I was primed and bronzed in no time with no harsh burn or ugly peeled skin. For me, tanning pre-

vented me from pain on my holiday. I have not been back to the tanning salon since I left for the Dominican, and unless I get a surprise ticket south I won't be going back any time soon, even if the health benefits are supposed to be spectacular.

Okay, I will admit that UV light does stimulate your skin to produce Vitamin D (which can also be gotten from a glass of milk or a walk outside in the sunlight). UV light also stimulates special cells in the skin (melanocytes) to increase the production of melanin, the pigment in human skin. People with Asian, African, Native, etc. descent have significant melanocyte activity regardless of how much they subject themselves to UV light. In other words, they don't have white skin and therefore are not as vulnerable to UV light and therefore do not need to tan (hence the above Caucasian comment).

Some individuals (albinos and many redheads) cannot sufficiently produce melanin and therefore just burn to charcoal with nothing they can do about it but load on the 396 SPF sunblock and pray for rain.

Generally, one tans for aesthetic reasons rather than health reasons. I will admit, a bit of a tan can look very attractive, even a dark tan can be scrumptious, but pale tender skin is also very beautiful. In my experience with tanned people, I have noticed that tanned older individuals look really old, their skin looks unnatural, oily and almost edible. I don't like it, I think it looks ridiculous. Aging seems to be quickened with overexposure to UV light. Look old when you're old, not when you're young.

All in all, my message is don't over-tan, it isn't good for you or your looks.



## Shop Notes with J. William Voht

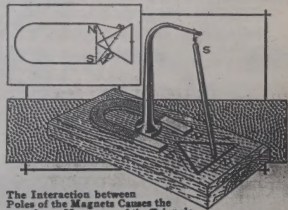
### A Perpetual Motion Puzzle

The fallacy of perpetual motion is now so generally understood that the description of a new scheme for attaining it is only justified insofar as it may be instructive. The diagram illustrates such a device; one which is apparently successful, although the discovery of error in it is both instructive and interesting.

Mount a horse shoe magnet on a wooden base, and into the latter cut a continuous groove along the three sides of a triangle opposite the poles of the magnet, N and S. Suspend a long narrow bar magnet on a universal joint from a standard. A pin projects into the groove from the lower end, which is the magnet's north pole and can move only along the triangular course.

Start the device with the suspended magnet in the position shown. The lower end will tend to move in the direction of the arrows, because in doing so it is getting further away from the repelling north pole of the horseshoe magnet and nearer to the attracting south pole, which will bring the pin to the corner of the triangle in the foreground.

It will next move down the side as indicated by the arrow towards the south pole of the horseshoe magnet. When it reaches the end of its trip, at the angle of the triangle located between the poles of the horseshoe magnet, attraction and repulsion will be balanced, but a slight jar will carry the traveler beyond that angle.



The Interaction between Poles of the Magnets Causes the Traveler to Move around the Triangle

The third leg of the triangle will be covered similarly, with the north pole repelling the traveler. On this basis, the motion should continue indefinitely, but a test will show that it will not do so.

For best results, the corners of the triangle should be slightly rounded and it would be best to use several hanging magnets, flexibly connected, so that when one is at dead centre the others will carry the others on.

There's no simple explanation for anything important any of us do. -Hugh MacLennan

# BEN IS FROM MARS, *Karen from Venus*

## I Will Never Understand Women *By Ben Schumacher*

Ask me if I understand Math and I'll say yes. Ask me if I understand how to drive a car and I'll say I sure do. Ask me if I understand why William Wallace had to die in *Braveheart* and I'll start crying uncontrollably. But ask me if I understand women and I'll look at you and laugh. That is one subject that is beyond me.

After all of my extensive years and experience I have come to the conclusion that men and women are like black and white. Take relationships for example: women want one man to satisfy their every need, and men want every woman to satisfy their one need. Black and white.

But enough of that. I'm here to discuss why I will never comprehend women. I have a lot of reasons, but there's only so much paper I can take up.

First of all, why is it that women always need two or more other women to go to the bathroom? Is it some kind of support group? Is that where they hold their girl

meetings? The ladies room is just like a big, dark cave; you can see where it is, but you don't know what's in there. And if you accidentally go in, you'll wish hadn't. Trust me.

Another thing that never ceases to amaze me is how women manage to take most of the day to get ready. They put on their pretty dresses and their pretty make-up stuff and do up their hair in pretty bows and such. When they do this, it gives me the impression that they're just waiting for some guy to pick them up, but when one tries, they shut them down. Why, oh why do you have to do this to us? Sure, you tell us that you want to look good, but if not for the guys hitting on you, then who? Okay, I get it, but Brad Pitt is not going to show up tonight.

Then there's that dreaded question: "Does this make me look fat?" Why, why do you have to ask us this question that, no matter what we say, gets us screwed, in a bad way. If we

say yes, you get mad; if we say no, you say we are a lying bastard..... and you get mad. I figure if we fake a seizure, then we might be able to slip by that one.

Speaking of mad, why do women get angry at us for no apparent reason. You'll be sitting there and she'll come into the room and stand in front of you with her arms crossed and a look that would bring back the Black Plague. You ask her, nervously, "What's wrong?" She proclaims, "You, that's what's wrong!" Confused, you ask her, "What did I do?" And her reply is "If you don't know, then why should I tell you?" Yeah, I know. Maybe it's one of her many mood swings. Maybe you did something a week ago that she's still mad at you for. Or maybe it's a giant conspiracy to brainwash all of mankind into thinking that we are to blame for everything (I'll get more into that one in a bit).

Now, when it comes to

buying all that girly stuff you get at Wal-Mart, I have always wondered how it is that you can dig through your purses, for like five minutes, to look for change. When you finally finish that whole ordeal, you give them your credit card. This has happened in front of my eyes so many times, I've lost count. They would be in front of me buying some lipstick when they pull out that purse of theirs and dig up all their make-up to get to their money. Get a wallet and leave your lip-gloss at home. I can see now why purses are getting smaller and smaller.

I know this is a little harsh, but I'm a little frustrated. I'm a little frustrated because out of all these things that women do that elude me, nothing is more confusing than how women are to make us men wrong all the time. We never do anything right. If we buy you flowers, we're asking for something. If we don't buy you flowers,

we're not thoughtful. If we cry, we're a wimp. If we don't, we're an insensitive prick. If you have a headache, you're tired. If we have a headache, we don't love you anymore. It's a lose-lose situation. I mean, give us a break. We are but simple men who are unable to process the complexity of the female mind. Throw us a bone once in a while.

And so ends my small rant which, I hope, doesn't offend all women. If not, I expect someone to write a rant about men soon or get a slap in the face. But I know that you know that I am right. Please don't slap me.

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## I Accidentally Went on a Date *By Karen Carter*

### GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE BOOKS AND INTO THE CLOUDS!



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Buddy-what's-his-name had been calling me for months, requesting my company at many an event. Finally, feeling kind of bad for the guy, I reluctantly agreed to go with him to a community dinner at the Square Valley Water-buffalo Hall. I just couldn't turn him down again; the promise of Polish food won me over. So it began. My friends said that I had agreed to a date, but I didn't remember agreeing to a date. Was this a date? We were just friends. I remember agreeing to polish food.

**1<sup>st</sup> clue that this was a date:** He told me it wasn't Polish food, but I still went. He picked me up in a pick-up truck, full of beer. Classy, I thought. Off we went to Cousin Billy's for a pit stop, to drop off the truckload of beer. Meeting his family. I shook it off. This wasn't meeting his family on a date; this was a pit stop, besides the conversation thus far wasn't awkward, yet.

**2<sup>nd</sup> clue that this was a date:** Billy's wife knew me, even though we'd never met. She new my major, my future plans and my past activities, basically everything I'd been doing in my life since I met Buddy-what's-his-name. A little awkward, but thankfully Billy's kids weren't calling me aunty so that was a good sign. Then Billy arrived with the babysitter, and it turned out that Billy 'knew' me, too. So off us 2 couples went, one on a date, and one unaware of a date.

At the hall there were two

rooms, one with tables and one with a band and a dance floor. I asked myself, does dancing signify a date? We sat at a table filled with more of his family. They all wanted to meet me, and know how I met Buddy-what's-his-name, so I told them we met in class. That was only slightly uncomfortable.

Each table took a quiz regarding the Square Valley Water-buffalos to determine the order tables went up to eat. We had no Water-buffalos at our table so we ate last. While we were waiting and watching all the other tables eat the non-Polish food, I heard the crackle of the sound system. I immediately feared that there was no food left and my evening was a bust. How wrong could I be?

**3<sup>rd</sup> clue that this was a date:** The announcer was Uncle Harvey-Steward and he proclaimed, after all of my drinks, "Would Buddy-what's-his-name please stand up and introduce his new girlfriend?"

I felt the whole room turn and look at me. That's when I realized I accidentally went on a date. Fool am I. I should have gone with him to that Oilers game he offered me a month ago, instead.

-All names and places have been changed to protect the privacy of all involved

# Al-Jazeera and AIDS

## Al-Jazeera International, Why Not?

by Joe Nusse

In a world where it seems like Western culture has become a force that cannot be stopped even by its own populace, there has emerged a small voice that seems to have attracted a lot of attention. This voice is non-Western, yet it operates within Western technology and, at least in principle, aims to provide its audience with professional journalistic news that affects them. Like any newscaster, it has been charged with unscrupulous cultural biases, but it has gained enough respect to be considered the Arab world's mainstream media voice.

Because the newscaster is Arabic and broadcasts its stories to an Arab audience, many in the West have been leery towards the idea of giving the broadcaster a license to broadcast in the West. Western regulators often find contention between their rules and regulations, which are a result of Western ideas on broadcasting ethics and the network's practices of broadcasting which range from unscreened footage of beheadings to uncensored programs involving Islamic fundamentalists preaching hatred toward Jews and Americans. We must, however, consider whether or not Western broadcasting does not employ the same practices. Many would consider footage of a man committing suicide by jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge just as offensive as a beheading. Similarly, I have watched Christian networks host biblical experts who used their biblical expertise

to tell all who would listen that the war in Iraq would have "them," the Arab world, facing off against "us," the West, in that final battle at Armageddon as found in Revelations. It may not be as sensational as a man screaming, "kill 'em all!" but it has the same ethnocentric message—them against us.

I challenge the West to reflect on why we should not embrace a newscast from a very important part of the world. To me it seems like a win-win situation. We, the general population of the West, will be given an invaluable source from another part of the world. If you sometimes feel like CNN, CBC, or BBC are not giving you the whole story, switch the channel to Al-Jazeera and see how humanity on the other side of the globe is interpreting world events. For the Arab world, Al-Jazeera's going international can only lead to greater freedoms for the media within the Arab world. The influence that such multi-national broadcasters carry makes it much harder for national governments to restrict and manipulate their content. My prediction is that if Al-Jazeera had the same base as the BBC, they would do even better at what newscasters do best—spread sensational stories with complete disregard for whom they may hurt. Saudi Royalists beware, Al-Jazeera is going international, and for those in the West who prefer suicide jumps to beheadings, at least we have the freedom to switch the channel. ★

## The Worst Epidemic Since the Black Plague and the World Does Not Care

by Glen Ogden

There is a huge loss of life in the world that can be controlled, or even stopped. This loss of life is largely ignored by the world today. This loss of life is due to the AIDS virus in Africa. As we watch the news we see how many Canadians are dying in the Middle East, or how many American soldiers are dying in the interest of their government. Why don't we have coverage on the news on how many lives are effected by the spread of AIDS? The problem is not that we don't care about the lives of others; it is that we are left ignorant by not being exposed to the difficulties of life in other countries. It is also because it is not directly affecting us or our bank accounts.

We are not exposed to this media coverage on a daily basis because the governments fear the people

who think with emotion and not rationally. They learned this the hard way by having coverage of the war in Vietnam, and the people that saw the realities of war with its effects on the civilian population. The American people started marching in the streets, and voicing their concerns through protests, because emotion, which was their driving force, was more powerful than the propaganda the government was using.

The media only tells the people what they want to tell them. They don't want a population that is driven by emotion, so they choose which news to cover. We are not just Canadians, we are citizens of the whole world. As such citizens we should be concerned about all of the others that we live with on this planet. We should try to make the world a better

place, not just for ourselves, but for everyone who shares this planet with us. So get informed, get involved. There are many alternative news resources out there that will cover the news that affects the world and that the mainstream media does not show, but a quick search on Google will find them for you. You can get involved in the fight against AIDS by donating money, just being informed, or joining a club. Augustana has one such club that will be doing fund-raising, as well as providing information, and will be trying to get guest speakers to talk at this University. You can get involved with the group, show up to a fund-raiser, or simply keep your eyes peeled for posters promoting events. Get involved with Augustana Against AIDS.

## Where do You Get Your Music?

by Steve Hansen

Where do you get your music? No, I don't mean HMV or Columbia House. I mean do you get it from friends, or do you take your tips from MuchMusic, or do you just listen to what your parents used to listen to?

The music industry is what many refer to as a culture industry. In my opinion, there are naturally conflicting interests between terms *culture* and *industry*. Take Canadian culture as an example. What immediately comes to mind? Hockey, beavers, maple leaves, etc. How does *industry* relate to these items and concepts?

ownership in order to make profit.

So does industry produce what a culture dictates, or is culture created and marketed by industry? Well, the answer is not a simple one because it is a mixture of both concepts.

For example, Universal Music Publishing, through relationships with corporate radio, may ensure that you hear The Tragically Hip every time you enter the mall, and in doing so try to mold you into a purchasing fan. On the other hand, your best friend might know of The Hip's music—and have nothing to gain pecuniarily from your becoming a fan—and convince you that they are a good band. The two scenarios can be seen respectively as predominantly industrial, and predominantly cultural. It is true that in both cases Universal Music gets your money, but in the first scenario they reeled you in through business tactics, and in the second scenario you were reeled in through a more organic cultural pull.

What does this mean?

In the world of music, fans share music with each other out of sheer enjoyment, but they are also subject to business marketing

techniques. 100.3FM's Top Ten at Ten is not much different than Hockey Night in Canada in that its success depends upon the cultural potency of the product it is promoting. If rock music were to fade away from the cultural landscape, the Top Ten at Ten would be nothing more than an obscure series of radio waves, and record companies and distributors would divest themselves of any involvement because there would be no profit to be gained. Major record companies and distributors simultaneously follow cultural waves and create and market new ones. This is a fascinating concept, however, it is far too complex to delve into at this point.

If you allow business tactics to form all of your musical tastes, you are supporting a predominantly industrial culture industry. If, on the other hand, you form your tastes through more organic means, you are supporting a more cultural culture industry.

Which scenario will you uphold? Which scenario seems more natural?

If this topic intrigues you, I'd love to hear your opinion.



On October 18, members of the U of A Students' Union met with the Augustana Students' Association to discuss SA/SU relations and transition matters. Pictured, left to right, are John Pattison, Greg Olson, Darci Penrod, Colin McComb, Duncan Taylor, Lisa McLaughlin, Jordan Blatz, Alvin Law, and Alex Abboud.

D o e s  
everybody own them? Or  
Does the CBC own the sport of hockey? Of course not. But they o w n ( e d ) Hockey Night in Canada. My point is that culture tends to defy economics, while industry tends to i m p o s e





# Memoirs of A Newfie Down Under:

by Bruce Phillips

## A Poem for Jeff

*He left his wife in Adelaide and drove to Cairns  
I met him on a beach with his face in his hands  
He was a bearded man who looked rough and tough  
An aeronautical engineer with just education enough  
Though his frame was sturdy and strong  
His heart was messed up and all wrong*

*He told me he wanted to kill himself  
My mind went blank like words on a shelf  
I could think of nothing profound  
Grabbing my glass of wine I decided to sit down  
We laughed, we cried, we darn near died*

*We became friends and lived in the hills of Kuranda  
There were aborigines and a house with a veranda.  
The bush was thick and dark. It was a jungle.  
In the rainy season the clouds would cry and rumble  
Our house was surrounded by snakes and roos  
We ate rabbit food and drank too much boos*

*I was so young Jeff was so old  
He was so broken yet I was so bold  
Time made him my father and I his son  
We made everyday amazingly fun*

*Life went on and Jeff had to go.  
Time stops for no man's soul.  
We parted ways with a hug and some tears  
Never to see each other, as life's counted the years*

October 2000

"A poem for Jeff" was written in the fall of two thousand. It was a way to recall the memories that were buried in the sanctum of an older man's heart; when that same young man, at the age of twenty-one, spent over a year traveling Australia. It was not an easy decision to leave Newfoundland, months before my nineteenth birthday, and hitchhike to the province of Alberta. After arriving, two years were spent working in the oil and gas industry. They were the first two years of my life away from my parents. It meant being on my own, making decisions, and whether those decisions were good or bad the world didn't give a shit. The only one affected, it would seem, was the person making the decisions. With no education, with no money, with nothing except the clothes on my back and what I considered the finest collection of tee-shirts that any nineteen year old could possess, I wasted, toiled, sweated, cussed, drank, froze, beat and dragged myself across Alberta's bush

country. I did labor work, hard work that was performed in a completely foreign environment. Alberta summers were hot enough to split the rocks, and the winters cold enough to freeze the nuts off a steel bridge.

Coming from a small coastal village in rural Newfoundland to what I considered an extremely rich populace can only be compared with placing caulk against cheese. People in the oil patch spent money with reckless abandon, not caring for a tomorrow; yet, it was the norm. When these rough, no nonsense characters said they were going to town for some local arts and culture, it meant that they were going into town to the local strip joint to check out the stripper and listen to a little bar music. When they came back from their vacation time, there were always lots of talk about their investments into houses and lots, which meant whorehouses and lots of whiskey.

After two-years of seeing young men squander their lives fruitlessly I needed

to get away, I needed more space; it was all such a parochial existence. After all, one could embrace this rather hedonistic lifestyle without giving it a lot of thought. It's certainly one of the reasons one needs to be progressive in one's reflection of self. While these rough and rugged bohemians flittered about in the wilds of Alberta, I decided I would try, yet again, something completely different.

The plan was to fly into the South Pacific, dropping down in Hawaii, the Fijian Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Indonesia, and to end the flight in Nepal. From there I would travel overland into Europe; unfortunately, the country of Australia grabbed me. Each day I soaked up its endless natural beauty, the swelling Tasmanian Sea, the island with its tall eucalyptus trees, its red clay, and rolling hills. How could there not be a god? There were kangaroos, wallabies, kookaburras, snakes of every description, scorpions, and blue-ringed jelly fish. Who cares if I had to swim in pantyhose, I was in Australia, damn it. I was knee deep in warm, emerald, green stuff, not knee deep in cold, yucky white stuff.

There was work in the bottle factories of Hobart, Tasmania. There was tobacco to pick northeast of Melbourne, in places like Myrtleford, and Whorally. As I hitchhiked up the east coast into the state of Queensland, farmers looked for much needed help with the fruit and vegetable harvest. I never, ever, forgot the day I made six dollars picking olives; I loved every minute, from sitting on the seat of the tractor, to working in the hot sun as it bronzed my flesh, to flirting with the Italian girls. Even having a jungle lunch underneath the trees was a new, invigorating and exciting experience. God, Mama La Spinnia could cook.

It was in the small town of Cairns (pronounced cans), in northern Queensland, that a young Newfoundland met Jeffery Cummins. He was an aeronautical engineer who had left his wife and an extremely well paying job in Adelaide, South Australia. Jeff was a deeply

troubled individual. He was depressed over not being able to go along with the herd majority, and it was on a beach in 1978 that an old man battered by conventional thought, and a young man who had already experienced the idea of seizing the moment, spent a short journey in time.

As the conversation grew, Jeff told the story of his own iron cage. How he saw no way of escape. Committing suicide became, for Jeff, a way of eluding his misery. The world had told him that it was his fault. Society's ideology can't be wrong; being aggressive means being lucrative, cashing in on success; calculating, accumulating and acquiring are the bread and butter of our financial health. It leads into our golden years of being healthy and wealthy. This is true, of course, according to the pharaohs of industry.

No doubt, Jeff was depressed over the decisions he had made; and no doubt, he was capable of performing his own heroic tragedy. For Jeff, I would like to think, it was his last big "hamarta," or error in judgment. The question is: what can one do (or say), to make life a choice, when all hope has been washed away by the waves of ideology and the returning tides of the pharaohs of happiness? Where are the alternatives to death?

How does a young man of twenty years, with no education, tell an aeronautical engineer that life is worth living? Jeff had a university degree, and twenty years of life experience. What could be said for the ignorant young man that stood beside him?

What Jeff shared was amazing. He got up one morning, packed his lunch for work, as always, kissed his wife good-bye, as always, and drove until the car ran out of gas. With no real destination in mind, he kept hitchhiking until there was no road left. With nowhere else to go, he found himself talking with a young Canadian on a beach in Northern Australia. He had left an excellent job, a good wife, a huge house, and a new car. He didn't even know

why.

Jeff was experiencing a massive mid-life crisis, or at least that's what we like to refer to it as today. Jeff had realized that his life was all about suburbia, dinner parties with friends that were way too pretentious, mortgages, and loans. Like a good little human he calculated, he accumulated, and he acquired. It was all a great social game of pretend, centered on all the things society admires, success, wealth, and social status. After years of acting, Jeff had given up on the game of pretend. He needed something more...

To be continued...

## Smile-You're on Camera!

by John Pattison

The problem of vandalism in the neighbourhood between Augustana and the downtown has come again this year. I attended a meeting last month about this to see what could be done and I want to let you all know what went on there. Vandalism is not a new issue, but it is one that we want to stop because it not only gives Augustana a bad name, but students in general. So, this year we all put in effort to try to stop the trend. Many of you know about the BBQ that was organized by the community on the south side of the highway, and the good spirit it created with our neighbours. They now have a face to put to us, and know that not all Augustana students are out every weekend to vandalize their property. Unfortunately, not everyone was at the BBQ, and some people in the community still feel strongly about the issue. That was what the meeting was about, and while everyone present had strong feelings about the issue, all felt feeling good and with something of a plan in mind. What I want to let you all know is that to try to stop vandalism, some landowners are putting in cameras to watch their property at night. It's too bad it has to go to this level, but maybe this is the way to end this issue—an issue that wouldn't be there if we all had respect for others' property. ★

## Rural Conference asks "Sow What?"

As harvest time arrives on the Prairies once again and spring livestock is ready for market, many farmers will be wondering, "What Next?" The list of challenges for farmers and ranchers seems longer than ever this year. The BSE crisis, trade and export issues, wet weather and low market prices have some producers wondering if their businesses will survive the winter. Rural prairie communities and businesses that support agriculture have also suffered from the current agricultural situation.

This is not news to those who live and work in rural areas. Ask any farmer or rancher what they think, and there won't be any shortage of opinions on what is going wrong. What most rural people are concerned with, however, is how to make it right. A group of organizers from several walks of life are putting together a forum that will give rural citizens the opportunity to look at rural issues from a new perspective.

**Sow What? A Forum for Challenging Crisis and Cultivating Hopeful Alternatives with Farm Families and Communities** will take place from November 6 to 7, 2004 in Camrose, Alberta. The forum will recognize the stress and uncertainty that rural residents have endured in the past few years, but also focus on the courage, innovation and action that farmers and farm communities all over the Prairies have shown.

Speakers will include farmers and ranchers who are working to find alternatives to current agricultural dilemmas, as well as community members and academics who work with rural people. One important facet of the forum is the opportunity for youth from rural areas to participate in their own "mini-conference" and to present their ideas and opinions to the larger crowd.

"It is absolutely necessary that the forum be a multigenerational event," says Susan Hamm, coordinator of the rural youth component of the conference. "Young people in rural areas are very aware of the current rural situation. They feel the frustration of their parents and grandparents and their own stress, especially around farm transfers. They need to be just as involved in finding solutions as adults."

The event is sponsored by The Chester Rinning Centre for the Study of Religion and Public Life of the Augustana Faculty (University of Alberta) and Heifer International, an international agricultural development organization, in conjunction with other farm and community-based organizations. It will be followed by a Theological Lecture Series, November 7-8 on faith perspectives in cultivating hope on the farm with Rev. Dr. Cam Harder.

Farmers, ranchers, rural residents and their families, as well as any interested individuals are welcome to attend. It is an opportunity to ask not only "What Next?" but "What If?"

For more information or to register, please contact:  
(780) 679-1112, [sowwhat@telus.net](mailto:sowwhat@telus.net)  
<http://augustana.ca/centres/crpl/events/sowwhat.html>

For more information please contact:  
Andrew Rushmere and Erika Mundel:  
(780) 672-4626.

For interviews please contact:  
Dittmar Mundel:

Home (780) 672-1581, Office (780) 679-1112,  
Brian Rozmahel:

Home (780) 336-2160, (780) 336-3019

## The Augustana Haiku Extravaganza - Standings

Submit your haiku poetry to the Daglightale and  
show the readers your syllabic prowess.

Here are the standings so far:

standing in motion  
with eyes shining like the moon  
I'm leaving orbit

1) Ed  
2) Geoffrey

my wandering heart  
rooms so very far away  
my mind will go too

Thank-you for the numerous contributions.  
Come by the Dag office to pick up your prizes!

## ASK A PUMO

I think that the following is a representative manifestation of the pseudo-clairvoyant thoughts that run through Pumo's head while he tries to drown himself in the basin of his toilet...(the bowl is bigger Pumo, the bowl is bigger)...luv Jer

I like to dress up, but people here don't know style. It's like all these people are blind. It's not my fault I'm so damn good looking.

Anonymous British skier called Andy Hallett

Pumo: Apparently had no response...

I think I got into something too big. I can't deal with the stress. I have no time to do what I want.

Anonymous SA President

Pumo's solution: Hire more VP's, pass around the workload, get Cindy to pick up the slack. She won't mind.

I just can't stand all the girls falling all over me. I can't go to the bar without some girl falling in love with me.

Anonymous

Pumo to Chad: Break the guitar. Cut your hair. Shave. Take up a role playing game like Dungeons and Dragons

It seems like there is a hiring trend at Augustana. A certain "quelque chose" that is required to be hired. Is that true?

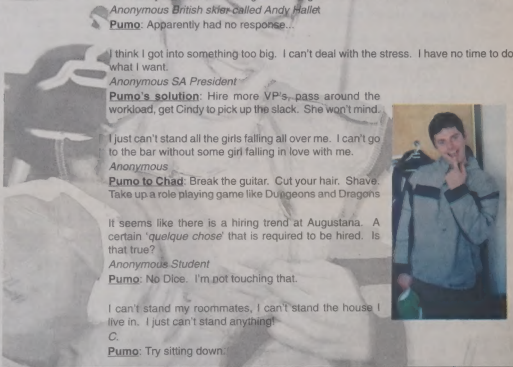
Anonymous Student

Pumo: No Dice. I'm not touching that.

I can't stand my roommates, I can't stand the house I live in. I just can't stand anything!

C.

Pumo: Try sitting down.



**TAKE A BREAK,  
TRY SOMETHING NEW  
AND MEET SOME NEW PEOPLE**  
Take a class that is for just pure fun or to build your skills  
THERE IS STILL SPACE IN:

**BELLY DANCING - FRI'S NOV 5 - DEC 10 (NO CLASS NOV 12). 7:00 - 8:15**

**DANCE THE FLOOR - SAT'S, NOV 6 - 27. 7:00 - 9:00**

**BEAUTIFUL FREE STYLE OIL PAINTING - SAT, NOV 13. 8:30 - 4:30**

**OIL PAINTING LIKE THE MASTERS - TUES', NOV 2 - DEC 7. 7:00 - 9:00**

**SHADES OF SNOW (WATERCOLOUR) - SAT, NOV 6. 9:30 - 4:30**

**WATERCOLOR GARDEN FLOWERS - SAT/SUN, NOV 13 & 14. 9:00 - 4:00**

**STUMPKIN DOLLS - SAT, NOV 13 & 20. 10:00 - 12:00**

**FARM SCENE HAND SAW - SAT, NOV 20. 10:00 - 4:30**

**WATERCOLOR SEASONAL LANDSCAPES - SAT/SUN, NOV 27/28. 9:00 - 4:00**

**TAI CHI/KUNG FU/GI GONG - MON'S AND SAT'S. 10:00 - 12:00**

**PILATES - MON'S OR WED'S. 12:00 - 1:00 OR TUES'. 9:30 - 10:30**

**HATHA YOGA WORKSHOP - SAT, NOV 20. 1:00 - 4:00**

For more info & prices or to register for any of these classes  
call Jane at 672-9949

Sponsored by the Camrose Arts Society



# Chick Schtick by "E.T."

This is for all you experienced city drivers out there...

We try to leave Edmonton at 8:30...Two and a half hours later.....Home Sweet Home (too much laughing...damn I have to PEE!!!!)

Hokey. So, here's the earth. It's a round earth... very nice. On this earth there are four crazy psycho chicks in a small neon. They are going on an adventure...but they don't know where the hell they are going! Actually, they do. They going to Edmonton. They go to shop. And meet boy. They have map. Map good. Map gets them into city. Good. Driver have road rage... is okay, we like road rage! They find mall... in process, get finger! Oops. They get to mall. They stop. Really good. They get phone call...they run. Map gets them to hotel. Hotel tall. See boy. Boy get in car. Boy think we crazy. Boy right. Map get us to restaurant. Waiter like his job. Very much. Waiter bring us food. MMMMMMM. Good food and shit. We pay. Not so good. We take boy back to hotel. Get stuck in traffic jam. We see biker. We yell. He smile. Got to hotel. Boy let us pee. We say goodbye. Neon leave, map in hand.

Yeah, so much for map. We go jasper. We got on Stoney Plain, good. We get on Whitemud. Very good. We drive on Whitemud. We drive a bit. We hit detour. Oh oh. We screwed. Map no good. Oh wait. We find our way. We see University. We see where educated people goes. It look good. We go around lefty bend. Good. We see Whitemud. Good. We take wrong turn. Bye bye Whitemud We do loopy loop. Back on Whitemud. See other boy in car. He cute. We stare. He say something and laugh. We lost. Follow Whitemud. Continue to follow Whitemud. Don't stop following Whitemud. We see familiar signs... We happy...we not so happy! Sign not right! But it's OK...we find road 231! It not lost. Shit. We lost. We really lost. Mommy. We pull out map. It help. We unlost now. We turn around. We go back...a long ways. We find turn. We take turn. Yeah. We see stop. We see Max. We get celebratory coffee. MMMMMMM. We continue to drive. And drive. And drive. We in boonies. It OK. We have map. We take turn. We continue driving. Oh no. DETOUR!!! We so screwed. It OK. We take right, then left...then straight...then left. We make it to highway. Good or bad??? We find Nissshhhquuee. We sing. Praises. Yeah, Abbaddubba. We off 2. We on new road. And new road take us home.

Moral of story: use map with discretion...  
P.S. lost = fun

Next Dag deadline:

November 26

Submit your Articles now!!  
daglightle@augustana.ca

## To "E.T."

From Jer

As a response to the above article I decided to write out some simple directions from Camrose to Edmonton (and back). I realize that many Augustana students are not from around here so please cut these directions out and keep them with you wherever you may go or at least to Edmonton.

- Go west out of Camrose on highway 13 (aka the main drag thru C-town)
- Go ~ 8km until you hit the junction, go north (on highway 21)
- Stay on 21 for about 60 km (or so) until you hit an overpass, take the second exit (it says west Edmonton on highway 14)
- Stay on 14 (just 10 km or so) until you see the exit you want to take (be it Whitemud or Whyte ave or the Yellowhead etc.)
- Reverse directions for a safe trip home.

### Or

If you're bored and feel like a nice drive you can take the Nisku road:

- Go west out of Camrose on highway 13 (aka the main drag thru C-town)
- Go ~ 8km until you hit the junction, go north (on highway 21)
- Stay on 21 until you see a sign that says Beaumont, Nisku ~ that way
- Turn left, there are a couple of nice churches on the left hand side keep your eyes open, stay on this road until the highway 2 overpass (it's big, if you miss it you should probably quit driving) go north (right) on highway 2 'til Edmonton.
- Reverse directions for a safe trip home.

As for directions in and around Edmonton...good luck...

...Continued From Page 3 Capitalism...

I think that hard work towards pure monetary goals can result in a successful business, not unlike a large multinational, that is so far removed from what it really means to be human that it becomes something that cannot be controlled. The multinationals have become uncontrollable. My parents' generation along with their parents' generation, due to their

seemingly innate ability to work hard and provide for their family (which I thank them for), has unfortunately created the present free-market world which is virtually devoid of community. I believe that there is room for a sense of true community in the business world, we just have to learn to let it in.



## Scrabble Babble by Jason Hewitt

Well, by now you've maybe seen signs around campus advertising an **Augustana Scrabble Club**. Some of you have probably laughed a little, thinking, "What use have I for such petty and childish things when I am mature enough to go to the bar? Ho Ho Ho!"

What have I to say to you?

Your loss.

For you must realize that the Scrabble Club is not about a board game. It is about Life.

And what is life without music?

Therefore, we are hosting a concert in the *Coffeehouse*. There is no date scheduled yet, but there will be soon. By the time you read this there will probably be posters up. You can also drop by the "official" Augustana Scrabble Club website at

The bands that are tentatively scheduled are a nice mix of mellow and rocking vibrations increasing in ascending order. Continual Upward Ascension! First, a lone performance by the loneliest musician in rock music, the ever-obscure **Abuda Buda**. He plays an acoustic guitar and is a singer/songwriter. Last, you will hear a band from Edmonton called **The Subterraneans**. Rumours exist that even **The Vinyl Experiment** will perform... You'll have to see this show to believe it.

There will be "refreshments" served. So please, come one, come all!



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Telephone: (780) 447-2993  
Toll Free: 1-800-386-7231  
Email: registr@newman.edu  
Website: www.newman.edu

# Classified Ads

**For sale:** vinyl experiment T-shirts. Men's and Women's styles. Various sizes. Available from band members. Band members available at the Dag office, or at [www.thevinylexperiment.com](http://www.thevinylexperiment.com)

**Needed for next issue:** Serious (or not) classified ads or personals. Send your classified advertisements to [daglightale@hotmail.com](mailto:daglightale@hotmail.com) or [daglightale@augustana.ca](mailto:daglightale@augustana.ca)

**Wanted:** grand piano, in good condition. Preferably a Steinway. Call 679-1542, ask for Steve.

**Wanted:** Two Ford pickups. Preferably '82-'85. Low mileage a necessity. For use mainly on weekends and holidays, though not willing to share. Call 679-1542. Serious inquiries only!

**For Sale:** The Theatre Centre. Free delivery included in purchase price. Would make an excellent church. Actually was a church...

**Wanted:** One neutrino scope, will pay 100 million dollars. Please contact Dr. Gerhard Lotz if one becomes available

**Wanted:** Reason to continue amassing hefty student loans. Call any student.

**For Sale:** North Hall. Unmovable. Will be sold in concrete slabs. Lots of office space. Needs new furnace.

**Wanted:** Parking space in front of Faith and Life. Why do so many students have cars? Why are the parking lots always full

**Wanted:** Participants for Operation Christians Child. Humanitarian spirit a necessity. Talk to Colin McComb



## A Desperate Debut in Public Writing

by Michelle Reshaur

That stupid blinking line on my blank screen reminds me that I don't have anything to contribute. Every pulse confirms the vacancy in my mind right now. Indifferent conversations lead me to believe that lethargy is a plague. I lie down on the floor and stare at the burnt out light in the cracked fixture illuminating my irrelevant everything. I can't even think of what music could accompany my mood; except maybe a light saxophone covering a song that hit number 3 on the pop charts in '97. My head isn't full of thought; it's full of words that everyone who has a radio knows without trying. I can't even daydream.

Perhaps a romantic comedy and sweat pants would be satisfying to the degree of a fulfilled McDonald's craving. I'm tempted to go on a hypocritical rant about that hole in our brain that nods at the TV when Oprah is going off on some glowing tale, that void that desperately tries to be filled with chicken soup books and polite meaningless conversation to avoid awkwardly standing alone. These are things for which I could be socially reprimanded for not believing in — things that label me as the cold, dry person I'm actually quite convinced that I am not.

I'm about ready to give up on this whole writing endeavor and decide to go on a walk. Something tells me I need a good, cold slap from the wind to relieve me of my cynicism. And it hits me. The calendar on my wall is one of the ones that my parents have passed on to me with cute animals, picturesque sunsets and inspirational quotes. "The secret of contentment is the realization that life is a gift, not a right." Huh. Perhaps I'm too quick to delete heartwarming forwards and hallmark moments. Perhaps I focus too much on how these things act as emotional crutches. I'm not about to open the flood gates of pop psychology warning up to Dr. Phil telling me through the TV that I am, indeed, a wonderful person but should spend less time relishing in melancholy and minor chords and more time being thankful for life.

And so you have it. The mood of the minute explored with the climax being a quote that will sit under a sleeping tiger cub's picture until December rolls around.

## Steve the Nerd of Words

**Invigilator** - a supervisor of students during an examination (Dr. Haave was my invigilator today).

**Teetotaler** - a person who completely abstains from alcohol consumption (I didn't know Dr. Osborne was a teetotaler).

**Bliather** - to talk endlessly with no apparent reason (They're not all bliathering blondes, some of them are actually nice).

**Ineducable** - I've never been able to understand this one...

## Horoscope

**Attention:** the Dag office is looking for a real psychic. Serious applications only (you probably knew that already...)

**Pisces** (Feb 20 - Mar 20) Try asking a student you've never met to proof-read your term paper for you.

**Aries** (Mar 21 - Apr 20) Randomly choose a professor you've never had, and try to convince him/her to sign your Drop form.

**Taurus** (Apr 21 - May 21) Submit something to the Daglightale by November 26.

**Gemini** (May 22 - Jun 21) Try combing your hair with your other hand for a whole week.

**Cancer** (Jun 22 - Jul 22) If your significant other just isn't enough, try contacting an Angie Nowell to book a "Tupperware" party.

**Leo** (Jul 23 - Aug 22) Donate something from your wardrobe to a local thrift store.

**Virgo** (Aug 23 - Sep 23) Make sure you attend an Augustana Vikings game this month.

**Libra** (Sep 24 - Oct 23) Cast your vote for CBC's 'The Greatest Canadian' and please don't let Don Cherry win...

**Scorpio** (Oct 24 - Nov 22) Feeling lost for words? Allow Steve the Nerd of Words to enhance your vocabulary.

**Sagittarius** (Nov 23 - Dec 21) It's time to revisit any hair care products you may be using. Just where do they come from?

**Capricorn** (Dec 22 - Jan 20) Instead of looking straight into someone's eyes, stare at their bottom eyelids. It makes you look distant.

**Aquarius** (Jan 21 - Feb 19) Donate \$250 to the Augustana scholarship fund and specify that the recipient must be you.

# October, A Month of Madness

by Steve Hansen

What a crazy month October was! Here are just a few of the many scandals and controversies that erupted in and around the Augustana community:

1. Augustana Faculty accepts \$10 million grant from Syncrude to adapt its liberal arts curriculum to include 6 credits of 'Oilsands Studies'.
2. Mischievous German students are caught vandalizing the Police Station, but run out of spray paint while trying to spell *Geschwindigkeitsbegrenzungsmessgeraet's* suck.
3. Bar fight breaks out when Dr. Hackborn refuses to leave Cadillac's karaoke night after experiencing a 'wardrobe malfunction'.
4. Campus Ministry's *Knitting Knightly*, led by Shauna Littlefair, is exposed for its members' unsanitary practice of sharing needles.
5. Conservationist Dr. Glen Hvenegaard wins the inaugural *Augustana Idol* competition by dressing up as a whale and singing an uncanny rendition of 'I Will Survive'.
6. Martin Luther statue is violently removed from campus by Dr. McTaggart after failing to provide 'an adequate thesis statement'.
7. Dr. Keith Harder receives \$50,000 commission to paint a landscape on Wal-Mart as part of Camrose's 'Cornerstone Gentrification' project.
8. North Hall's west wall begins to crumble after Hallowe'en tricksters pelt it with 12 raw eggs.
9. Dr. Harry Prest is admonished, yet again, for misinterpreting Augustana's motto of 'Leading and Serving'.
10. Struggle ensues when U of A inventory workers attempt to place a bar code on Dr. Milton Schlosser's organ.

dedicated to Gateway reporter Caitlin Crawshaw

## Where Have All The Stars Gone?

by Steve Hansen

When's the last time that you looked into the night sky and wondered at the stars and the infinity of space? The humble feeling created by gazing into a starry sky is incomparable with any species of humility. There's something magical about the perfect contrast of complete darkness with the pinprick brightness of the stars.

But wait... Where's that nighttime glow emanating from? You know that yellow-pinkish glow that turns the night sky into a lampshade and blots out the stars. Ever wonder what the consequences are on our society? Indulge me for a moment as I opine on the sociological impact of urban glow.

I believe that in the hustle-bustle of today's world, it is more important now than ever before for people to experience feeling small and insignificant. I realize that that sounds odd, but feeling insignificant in the face of the cosmos is very different than feeling insignificant at work or in a relationship. There is an inexplicable sense of belonging which arises out of stargazing. Feeling utterly minuscule in the solar system seems to be such a profound feeling that it makes you realize that if your existence were terminated,

you wouldn't have had the opportunity to experience such profoundness, and you would have really missed out.

Just imagine what the impact would be if one could transport a rural night sky into the city. Imagine leaving a stressful day at school, or at work, and immediately being cast underneath a multitude of shining stars. I think people would be less high-strung and even genuinely nicer to each other if they experienced the magic of the stars on a more regular basis.

The next logical question is: How can we clear up our urban night sky? By shining less light into the atmosphere at night and keeping night-lights down. Perhaps those gigantic parking lots on the edge of town don't need to be kept lit all night. And maybe streetlights should mind their own business and stick to lighting the streets, and not the sky (if you have ever been in an airplane, you have likely noticed that streetlights are often visible from the sky. Why?).

If you have never experienced a night sky from a remote rural location before, or can't remember the last time you did, I strongly urge you to do so. It might just make a believer out of you. ★

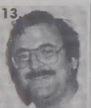


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It's time to play...

## NAME THAT PROF!!!!



Cut along the  
dotted lines and  
pin up your  
favourite prof!!!!

Cuz profs are  
pin-ups too!

## Ode From an Ambivaloid

(ambivaloid = a two-egged being)

by Steve Hansen

If words of ambivalence  
keep me from trite,  
I'll speak you the tale  
of the luckiest sprite—  
A battle of eras,  
two egos within,  
of Romanticist glitter  
and Post-modern din:

First with a smile,  
a hello and a wink  
and into affection  
my Being did sink.  
So tender, so subtle,  
her features did make  
an imprint of Eros  
in kindly love-ache.

But alas if her beauty  
is just a birthmark,  
an adenine tickster  
who laughs in the dark  
and tightens her genes,  
who knows they won't stay,  
but fall to the floor  
like lost DNA.

Hark! yonder she gathers  
her sweetness in hues  
of peaches and bluebells  
and Oh, how I lose  
control of my senses  
and helm of my thoughts  
as clocks tick away  
and time gently rots...

Those sexy enticements  
so plainly they deign  
the corporate seal of  
a blathering brain;  
or a bountiful island  
where 'X' marks the spot  
of her treasure-filled chest  
where her intellect's wrought.

Now alone in her chambers  
in spinstery throes,  
she coils her gold locks  
and changes her clothes,  
while down on the terrace  
I, smitten, in love,  
cry out to her balcony  
high up above:

"A shitsu in situ,  
I'll bark up your tree  
till M arch in the New Year  
when you're 23  
and Romeo's not just  
a shroud in a fog,  
but a Kitty-Kat cuddling  
Don Juanian dog."

Amazing, my friends,  
how oblivion reins in  
the sharpest of minds...  
the acutest of pains  
is the knowledge that  
knowledge is seldom aware  
of the prospect of passion  
sitting right there...

## Answers:

1. Dr. Milton Schlosser 2. Dr. Roger Milbrandt 3. Doc Larson 4. Dr. Dimaar Mündel 5. Michael Muec 10. Dr. Harry Priest 11. Dr. John Otto Olson 12. Dr. Jonathan Mohr 13. Dr. Tim Parker 14. Prof. Raul Palo 15. Dr. Judith Spencer



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brought to you by  
the letters:  
G & U & S

Looks like I'm not driving today...